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The Covent-Garden Tragedy.

Written by HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN BILKUM.
LOVEGIRLO.
GALLONO.
LEATHERSIDES,
Chairman.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.
KISSINDA.
STORMANDRA.
NONPAREL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, an Antichamber.

Mother Punchbowl, Leatherfides, Nonparel, and
Industrious Jenny.

Moth. **W**HO'D be a bawd in this degen'rate
age!

Who'd for her country unrewarded toil!
Not so the statesman scrubs his plotful head;
Not so the lawyer shakes his unfed tongue;
Not so the doctor guides the doleful quill.
Say, Nonparel—industrious Jenny, say,
Is the play done and yet no cull appears?

Non. The play is done: for from the pigeon-hole
I heard them hiss the curtain as it fell.

Moth. Ha, did they hiss? Why then the play is
And I shall see the poet's face no more. [damn'd,
—Say, Leatherfides, 'tis thou that best can tell;
For thou hast learnt to read, hast play-bills read,
The Grub-street Journal thou hast known to write,
Thou art a judge; say, wherefore was it damn'd?

Leath. I heard a taylor, sitting by my side,
Play on his catcal, and cry out, Sad stuff.
A little farther an apprentice sat,
And he too hiss'd, and he too cry'd, 'twas low.

Then o'er the pit I downward cast my eye,
The pit all hiss'd, all whistled, and all groan'd,

Moth. Enough. The poet's lost, and so's his bill.
Oh! 'tis the tradesman's, not the poet's hurt:
For him the washerwoman toils in vain,
For him in vain the taylor sits cross'd-legg'd,
He runs away and leaves all debts unpaid.

Leath. The mighty Captain Bilkum this way
I left him in the entry with his chairman [comes.
Wrangling about his fare.

Moth. Leatherfides, 'tis well.
Retire, my girls, and patient wait for culls.

SCENE II.

Mother Punchbowl, Captain Bilkum, and Chairman.

Chair. Your honour, Sir, has paid but half my
I ask but for my fare. [fare:

Capt. Thy fare be damn'd.

Chair. This is not acting like a gentleman.

Capt. Be gone, or by the powers of dice I swear,

Were there no other chairman in the world,
From out thy empty head, I'd knock thy brains.

Chair. Oh, that with me, all chairmen would
conspire,

No more to carry such sad dogs for hire,
But let the lazy rascals straddle thro' the mire.

SCENE III.

Captain Bilkum and Mother Bunchbowl.

Moth. What is the reason, captain, that you make
This noise within my house? Do you intend
To arm reforming constables against me?

Would it delight your eyes to see me dragg'd
By base plebeian hands to Westminster,

The scoff of serjeants and attorneys clerks,
And then exalted on the pillory,

To stand the sneer of ev'ry virtuous whore?

Oh! cou'dst thou bear to see the rotten egg
Mix with my tears, and trickle down my cheeks,
Like dew distilling from the full blown rose:

Or see me follow the attractive cart,
To see the hangman lift the virgal rod,

That hangman you so narrowly escap'd!

Capt. Ha! that last thought has stung me to the
Damnation on all laws and lawyers too: [soul:
Behold thee carted—oh! forefend that sight,
May Bilkum's neck be stretch'd before that day!

Moth. Come to my arms, thou best belov'd of sons,
Forgive the weakness of thy mother's fears:

Oh! may I never, never see thee hang'd!

Capt. If born to swing, I never shall be drown'd:
Far be it from me, with too curious mind,

To search the office whence eternal fate
Issues her writs of various ills to men;

Too soon arrested we shall know our doom.

And now a present evil gnaws my heart,

Oh! Mother, Mother—

Moth. Say, what would'st my son?

Capt. Get me a wench, and lend me half a crown.

Moth. Thou shalt have both.

Capt. Oh! goodness most unmatch'd,

What are your 'Nelope's compar'd to thee?

In vain we'd search the hundreds of the town,

From where, in Goodman's Fields, the city dame
Emboxed sits, for two times eighteen-pence,

The Covent-Garden Tragedy.

To where, at midnight hours, the noble race
In borrow'd voice and mimic habit squeak.

Yet where, oh where is such a bawd as thou!

Moth. Oh! deal not praise with such a lavish
If I excel all others of my trade, [tongue;
Thanks to those stars that taught me to excel!

SCENE IV.

Mother Punchbowl, Captain Bilkum, and Leatherfides.

Leath. A porter from Lovegirlo is arrived.
If in your train one harlot can be found,
That has not been a month upon the town;
Her he expects to find in bed by two.

Moth. Thou, Leatherfides, best know'st such
nymphs to find,

To thee their lodgings they communicate.

Go, thou procure the girl, I'll make the punch,

Which she must call for when she first arrives.

Oh! Bilkum, when I backward cast my thoughts,

When I revolve the glorious days I've seen,

(Days I shall see no more)—it tears my brain.

When culis sent frequent, and were sent away,

When col'nels, majors, captains, and lieutenants,

Here spent the issue of their glorious toils?

These were the men, my Bilkum, that subdu'd

The haughty foe, and paid for beauty here.

Now we are sunk to a low race of beasts,

Fellows unfit for women or for war;

And one poor cull is all the guests I have.

SCENE V.

Leatherfides, Mother Punchbowl, and Bilkum.

Leath. Two whores, great Madam, must be
straight prepar'd,

A fat one for the squire, and for my lord a lean.

Moth. Be that thy care. This weighty bus'ness
done,

A bowl of humming punch shall glad my son.

SCENE VI. Bilkum, solus.

Bilk. Oh! 'tis not in the power of punch to ease

My grief-strung soul, since Hecattissa's false,

Since she could hide a poor half guinea from me.

Oh! had I search'd her pockets ere I rose,

I had not left a single shilling in them.

But lo! Lovegirlo comes, I will retire.

SCENE VII. Lovegirlo and Gallono.

Gal. And wilt thou leave us for a woman thus!

Art thou Lovegirlo? Tell me, art thou he,

Whom I have seen the saffron-colour'd morn

With rosy fingers beckon home in vain?

Than whom none oftner pull'd the pendent bell,

None oftner cry'd, Another bottle bring;

And canst thou leave us for a worthless woman?

Love. I charge thee, my Gallono, do not speak

Aught against woman; by Kissinda's smiles,

(Those smiles more worth than all the Cornwall
mines,)

When I drank most, 'twas woman made me drink,

The toast was to the wine an orange-peel.

Gal. Oh! wou'd they spur us on to noble drink,

I too wou'd be a lover of the sex.

And sure for nothing else they were design'd,

Woman was only born to be a toast.

Love. What madness moves thy slander-hurling
tongue?

Woman! What is there in the world like woman?

Man without woman is a single boot,

Is half a pair of sheers. Her wanton smiles

Are sweeter than a draught of cool small-beer

To the scorch'd palate of a waking sot.

Man is a puppet which a woman moves

And dances as she will—Oh! had it not

Been for a woman, thou hadst not been here.

Gal. And were it not for wine—I wou'd not be.

Wine makes a cobbler greater than a king;

Wine gives mankind the preference to beauty;

Thirst teaches all the animals to drink,

But drunkenness belongs to only man.

Love. If woman were not, my Gallono, man

Would make a silly figure in the world.

Gal. And without wine all human kind wou'd

One stupid, sniveling, sneaking, sober fellow. [he

Love. What does the pleasures of our life refine?

'Tis charming woman.

Gal. Wine.

Love. 'Tis woman.

Gal. Wine.

SCENE VIII. Bilkum.

Capt. Much may be said on both sides of this

Let me consider what the question is; [question;

If wine or woman be our greater good.

Wine is a good—and so is woman too,

But which the greater good [A long pause.] I can,

Either to other to prefer I'm loth, [not tell,

But he does wisest who takes most of both.

SCENE IX. Lovegirlo and Kissinda.

Love. Oh! my Kissinda! Oh, how sweet art
thou!

Nor Covent Garden, nor Stocks Market knows

A flower like thee; less sweet the Sunday rose,

With which, in country church, the milk-maid

decks

Her ruddy breast; ne'er wash'd the courtly dame

Her neck with honey-water half so sweet.

Oh! thou art perfume all; a perfume shop.

Kiss. Cease, my Lovegirlo, oh! thou hast a
tongue

Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold,

Oh! I cou'd hear thee ever, cou'd with joy

Live a whole day upon a dish of tea,

And listen to the bagpipes in thy voice.

Love. Hear this, ye harlots, hear her and re-

Not so the miser loves to see his gold, [furm;

Not so the poet loves to see his play,

Not so the critic loves to see a fault,

Not so the beauty loves to see herself,

As I delight to see Kissinda smile.

Kiss. Oh, my Lovegirlo, I must hear no more,

Thy words are strongest poison to my soul;

I shall forget my trade, and learn to doat.

Love. Oh! give a loofe to all the warmth of

Love like a bride upon the second night; [love,

I like a ravish'd bridegroom on the first.

Kiss. Thou know'st too well a lady of the town

If the give way to love must be undone.

Love. The town! thou shalt be on the town no
more,

I'll take thee into keeping, take thee rooms

So large, so furnish'd, in so fine a street,

The mistress of a Jew shall envy thee;

By Jove, I'll force the sooty tribe to own,

A christi in keeps a whore as well as they.

Kiss. And wilt thou take me into keeping?—

Love. Yes.

Kiss. Then I am blest indeed—and I will be

The kindest, gentlest, and the cheapest girl.

A joint of meat a day is all I ask,

And that I'll dress myself—A pot of beer

When thou din't from me, shall be all my wine;

Few clothes I'll have, and those too second-hand;

Then when a hole within thy stocking's seen,

(For stockings will have holes) I'll darn it for
thee;

With my own hands I'll wash thy soapen'd shirt,

And make the bed I have unmade with thee.

Love. Do virtuous women use their husbands so?

Who but a fool would marry that rag keep—

What is this virtue that mankind adore?
Sounds less the scolding of a virtuous tongue!
Or who remembers, to increase his joy,
In the last moments of excessive bliss,
The ring, the licence, parson, or his clerk?
Besides, when'er my mistress plays me foul,
I cast her, like a dirty shirt, away.
But oh! a wife sticks like a plaster fast,
Like a perpetual blister to the poll.

Kis. And wilt thou never throw me off?

Love. Never,
Till thou art soil'd.

Kis. Then turn me to the streets,
Those streets you took me from.

Love. Forbid it all
Ye powers, propitious to unlawful love.
Oh, my Kissinda! by this kiss I swear,
(This kiss which at a shilling is not dear)
I wou'd not quit the joys this night shall give,
For all the virtuous wives or maids alive.
Oh! I am all on fire, thou lovely wench,
Torrents of joy my burning soul must quench,
Reiterated joys!
Thus burning from the fire, the wather lifts
The red-hot iron to make smooth her shifts,
With arm impetuous rubs her shift amain,
And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it o'er again;
Nor sooper does her rubbing arm withhold,
Till she grows warm, and the hot iron cold.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Stormandra and Captain Bilkum.

Stor. **N**OT, tho' you were the best man in the
land,
Shou'd you, unpaid for, have from me a favour.
Therefore come down the ready, or I go.

Capt. Forbid it, Venus, I should ever set
So cursed an example to the world:
Forbid the rake, in full pursuit of joy,
Requir'd the unready ready to come down;
Should curse my name, and cry, Thus Bilkum did;
To him this cursed precedent we owe.

Stor. Rather forbid that, bilk'd in after-time,
The chairless girl should curse Stormandra's name,
That as she walks with draggled coats the street,
(Coats shortly to be pawn'd) the hungry wretch
Should bellow out, For this I thank Stormandra!

Capt. Trust me to-night, and never trust me more,
If I do not come down when I get up.

Stor. And dost thou think I have a soul so mean?
Trust thee! dost think I came last week to town,
The waggon straws yet hanging to my tail?
Trust thee! oh! when I trust thee for a groat,
Hanover Square shall come to Drury-Lane.

Capt. Madam, 'tis well; your mother may per-
haps,

Teach your rude tongue to know a softer tone.
And see, she comes, the smiling brightness comes.

SCENE II.

Mother Punchbowl, Captain Bilkum, and Stor-
mandra.

Stor. Oh, Mother Punchbowl, teach me how to
rail;

Oh! teach me to abuse this monstrous man.

Moth. What has he done?

Stor. Sure a design so base,
Turk never yet conceiv'd.

Moth. Forbid it, virtue.

Stor. It wounds to the soul—he wou'd
have bilk'd me.

Moth. Ha! in my house!—Oh, Bilkum! is
this true?

Who set thee on, thou traitor, to undo me;
Is it some envious sister? Such may be;
For even bawds (I own it with a blush)
May be dishonest in this vicious age.
Perhaps, thou art an enemy to us all,
Wilt join malicious justices against us.
Oh! think not thus to bribe th' ungrateful tribe!
The hand to Bridewell which thy mother sends,
May one day send thee to more fatal gaol;
And oh! (avert the omen all ye stars!)
The very hemp I beat may hang my son.

Capt. Mother, you know the passage to my heart,
But do not shock it with a thought so base.
Sooner Fleet Ditch like silver Thames shall flow,
The New Exchange shall with the Royal vie,
Or Covent Garden's with St. Paul's great bells
Give no belief to that ungrateful woman;
Gods! who would be a bully to a woman?
Canst thou forget—(it is too plain thou canst)
When at the Rummage, at the noon of night,
I found thee with a base apprentice boxing?
And tho' none better dart the clinched fist,
Yet wast thou ever-match'd, and on the ground.
Then like a bull-dog in Hockleian holes,
Rush'd I tremendous on the snotty foe,
I took him by the throat, and kick'd him down the
stairs.

Stor. Dost thou recount thy services, base wretch,
Forgetting mine? Dost thou forget the time,
When shiv'ring on a winter's icy morn,
I found thy coatless carcase at the roundhouse,
Did I not then forget my proper woes,
Did I not send for half a pint of gin,
To warm th' ungrateful guts? Pull'd I not off
A quilted petticoat to clothe thy back?
That unskinn'd back, which rods had dress'd in red,
Thy only title to the name of Captain?
Did I not pick a pocket of a watch,
A pocket pick for thee?

Capt. Dost thou mention
So slight a favour? Have I not, for thee,
Fled from the feather-bed of soft repose,
And as the watch proclaim'd approaching day,
Robb'd the stage-coach?—Again, when puddings
hot,

And Well-fleet oysters cry'd, the evening come,
Have I not been a footpad for thy pride!

Moth. Enough, my children, let this discord
cease.

Had both your merits had, you both deserve
The fate of greater persons—Go, my son,
Retire to rest—gentle Stormandra soon
Will follow you. See kind consent appear,
In softest smiles upon her lovely brow.

Capt. And can I think Stormandra will be mine!
Once more, unpaid for mine! then I again
Am blest, am paid for all her former scorn.
So when the doating hen-peck'd husband long
Hath stood the thunder of his deary's tongue;
If, supper over, the attempt to toy,
And laugh and languish for approaching joys
His raptur'd fancy runs her charms all o'er,
While transport dances jiggs thro' ev'ry pore,
He hears the thunder of her tongue no more.

SCENE III.

Stormandra and Mother Punchbowl.

Moth. Daughter, you use the captain too unkind.
Forbid it, virtue, I should ever think
A woman squeezes any soul too much,
But bullies never should be us'd as culls.
With caution still preserve the bullies love,

A house like this, without a bully left,
Is like a puppet-show without a punch.
When you shall be a bawd, and sure that day
Is written in the almanack of fate,
You'll own the mighty truth of what I say.
So the gay girl, whose head romances fill,
By mother married well against her will,
Once past the age that pants for love's delight,
Herself a mother, owns her mother in the right.

SCENE IV. Stormandra sola.

Stor. What shall I do? Shall I unpaid to bed?
O, my Lovegirl! oh, that thou wert here!
How my heart doats upon Lovegirl's name,
For no one ever paid his girls like him.
She with Lovegirl who had spent the night;
Sighs not in vain for next day's masquerade;
Sure of a ticket from him.—Ha! ye pow'rs,
What is't I see? Is it a ghost I see?
It is a ghost; 'tis Lovegirl's ghost.
Lovegirl's dead; for if he were not dead,
How cou'd his living ghost be walking here?

SCENE V. Lovegirl and Stormandra.

Love. Surely this is some holiday in hell,
And ghosts are let abroad to take the air,
For I have seen a dozen ghosts to-night,
Dancing in merry mood the winding hayes.
If ghosts all lead such merry lives as these,
Who would not be a ghost!

Stor. Art thou not one?

Love. What do I see, ye stars! Is it Stormandra?

Stor. Art thou Lovegirl? Oh, I see thou art.
But tell me, I conjure, art thou not dead?

Love. No, by my soul I am not.

Stor. May I trust thee?

Yet if thou art alive, what dost thou here
Without Stormandra? But thou need'st not say,
I know thy falsehood; yes, perfidious fellow,
I know thee false as water, or as hell;
Falsely than any thing but thyself—

Love. Or thee.

Dares thus the devil to rebuke our sin!
Dares thus the kettle say the pot is black!
Canst thou upbraid my falsehood? thou, who still
Art ready to obey the porter's call,
At any hour, to any sort of guest;
Whose person is as common as the dirt
Which Piccadilly leaves on every heel.

Stor. Can I hear this, ye stars! Injurious man!
May I be ever bilk'd; may I ne'er fetch
My watch from pawn, if I've been false to you!

Love. O impudence unmatched! canst thou deny
That thou hast had a thousand different men?

Stor. If that be falsehood, I indeed am false,
And never lady of the town was true;
But though my person be upon the town,
My heart has still been fix'd on only you.

SCENE VI.

Lovegirl, Stormandra, and Kissinda.

Kiss. Where's my Lovegirl? Point him out, ye
Stars;
Restore him panting to Kissinda's arms.
Ha! do I see?

Stor. Hast thou forgot to rail?
Now call me false, perfidious and ingrate,
Common as air, as dirt, or as thyself.
Beneath my rage, hast thou forsaken me?
All my full meals of luscious love, so scarce
At the lean table of a girl like thee?

Kiss. That girl you mention with so forc'd a scorn,
Envy not all the large repasts you boast:
A little dish oft furnishes enough;
And sure enough is equal to a feast.

Stor. The pompousness such little plates may chuse.

Give me the man who knows a stronger taste.

Kiss. Sensual and base! to such as you we owe
That harlot is a title of disgrace;
The worst of scandals on the best of trades.

Stor. That shame more justly to the wretch be-
longs,

Who gives those favours which she cannot sell.

Kiss. But harder is the wretched harlot's lot,
Who offers them for nothing, and in vain.

Stor. Shew me the man who thus accuses me.
I own I chose Lovegirl, own I lov'd him;
But then I chose and lov'd him as a cull;
Therefore prefer'd him to all other men,
Because he better paid his girls than they.
Oh! I despise all love but that of gold;
Throw that aside, and all men are alike.

Kiss. And I despise all other charms but love.
Nothing could bribe me from Lovegirl's arms;
Him, in a cellar, would my love prefer
To lords in houses of six rooms a floor.
Oh! had I in the world a hundred pound,
I'd give him all. Or did he (fate forbid!)
Want three half crowns his reckoning to pay,
I'd pawn my under-petticoat to lend them.

Love. Wouldst thou, my sweet? Now, by the
pow'rs of love,

I'll mortgage all my lands to make thee fine.
Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear,
Ten thousand load of timber shall embrace
Thy necklac'd neck. I'll make thy glittering form
Shine thro' th' admiring Mall's blazing star.
Neglected virtue shall with envy die;
The town shall know no other toast but thee.
So have I seen, upon my lord-mayor's day,
While coaches after coaches roll away,
The gazing crowd admire by turns, and cry,
See such and such an alderman pass by;
But when the mighty magistrate appears,
No other name is sounded in your ears;
The crowd all cry unanimously,
Ye citizens, behold the coach of the lord-mayor.

SCENE VII.

Stormandra and Captain Bilkom.

Capt. Why comes not my Stormandra? Twice
and once

I've told the striking clock's increasing sound,
And yet unkind Stormandra stays away.

Stor. Captain, are you a man?

Capt. I think I am.

The time has been when you have thought so too.
Try me again in the soft fields of love.

Stor. 'Tis war, not love, must try your man-
hood now.

By gith, I swear, ne'er to receive thee more,
Till cur'd Lovegirl's blood has dy'd thy sword.

Capt. Lovegirl! Whence this fury bent on him?

Stor. Ha! dost thou question, coward? Ask
again,

And I will never call thee captain more.

Instant obey my purpose, or by hemp,
Rods, all the horrors bridewell ever knew,
I will arrest thee for the note of hand
Which thou hast given me for twice one pound;
But if thou dost, I call my sacred honour
To witness, thy reward shall be my love.

Capt. Lovegirl is no more! Yet wrong me not;
It is your promise, not your threat prevails.
So when some parent of indulgence mild,
Would to the nauseous potion bring the child;
In vain, to win or frighten to it's good,
He cries, My dear, or lifts the useless rod;
But if by chance the sugar-plum he shows,
The sump'ring child no more reluctance knows;

It stretches out it's finger and it's thumb,
And swallows first the poison, then the sugar-plum.

SCENE VIII. Stormandra sola.

Star. Go, act my just revenge, and then be hang'd,
While I retire and gently hang myself.
May women be by my example taught,
Still to be good, and never to be naught;
Never from virtue's rules to go astray,
Nor ever to believe what men can say.
She who believes a man, I am afraid,
May be a woman long, but not a maid.
If such blest harvest my example bring,
The female world shall with my praises ring,
And say, that when I hang'd myself, I did a no-
ble thing.

SCENE IX.

Mother Punchbowl, Kiffinda, and Nonparel.

Moth. Oh! Nonparel, thou loveliest of girls,
Thou latest darling of thy mother's years;
Let thy tongue know no commerce with thy
heart;

For if thou tellest truth thou art undone.

Nonp. Forgive me, Madam, this first fault—
henceforth

I'll learn with utmost diligence to fib.

Moth. Oh! never give your easy mind to love;
But poise the scales of your affection so,
That a bare six-pence added to his scale,
Might make the cit apprentice or the clerk
Outweigh a flaming col'nel of the guards.
Oh! never give your mind to officers,
Whose gold is on the outside of the pocket.
But fly a poet as the worst of plagues,
Who never pays with any thing but words.
Oh! had Kiffinda taken this advice,
She had not now been bilk'd.

Kif. Think me not so:

Some hasty business has Lovegirlo drawn
To leave me thus—but I will hold a crown
To eighteen-pence, he's here within an hour.

SCENE X. To them Leatherfides.

Moth. Oh! Leatherfides, what means this news-
ful look?

Leath. Through the Piaches as I took my way
To fetch a girl, I at a distance view'd
Lovegirlo with great Captain Bilkum fighting;
Lovegirlo push'd, the captain parry'd, thus
Lovegirlo push'd, he parried again:
Oft did he push, and oft was push'd aside.
At length the captain, with his body thus,
Threw in a cursed thrust in flankade.
'Twas then—oh! dreadful horror to relate!
I at a distance saw Lovegirlo fall,
And look as if he cry'd—Oh! I am slain.

[Kiffinda sinks into Nonparel's arms.]

SCENE XI. To them Gallono.

Gal. Give me my friend, thou most accursed
bawd;

Restore him to me drunken as he was
Ere thy vile arts seduc'd him from the glass.

Moth. Oh! that I could restore him—but alas!
Or drunk or sober, you'll ne'er see him more,
Unless you see his ghost—his ghost, perhaps,
May have escap'd from Captain Bilkum's sword.

Gal. What do I hear?—Oh damn'd accursed
jade,

Thou art the cause of all—With artful smiles

Thou didst seduce him to go home ere morn.
Bridewell shall be thy fate; I'll give a crown
To some poor justice to commit thee thither,
Where I will come and see thee flogg'd myself.

Kif. One flogg'd as I am can be flogg'd no more;
In her Lovegirlo Miss Kiffinda liv'd:
The sword that pass'd thro' poor Lovegirlo's heart,
Pass'd eke thro' mine; he was three-fifths of me.

SCENE XII. To them Bilkum.

Capt. Behold the most accurs'd of human kind!
I for a woman with a man have fought;
She, for I know not what, has hang'd herself:
And now Jack Ketch may do the same for me.
Oh! my Stormandra!

Moth. What of her?

Capt. Alas!

She's hang'd herself all to her curtain's rod!
I saw her swinging, and I ran away.
Oh! if you lov'd Stormandra, come with me;
Skin off your flesh, and bite away your eyes;
Lug out your heart, and dry it in your hands;
Grind it to powder, make it into pills,
And take it down your throat.

Moth. Stormandra's gone!

Weep all ye sister-harlots of the town;
Pawn your best cloths, and clothe yourselves in rags.
Oh! my Stormandra!

Kif. Poor Lovegirlo's slain.

Oh! give me way; come, all you furies, come,
Lodge in th' unfurnish'd chambers of my heart;
My heart, which never shall be let again
To any guest but endless misery,
Never shall have a bill upon it more.
Oh! I am mad, methinks; I swim in air,
In seas of sulphur and eternal fire.

And see, Lovegirlo too.

Gal. Ha! see him! Where?

Where is the much-lov'd youth—Oh! never more
Shall I behold him. Ha! distraction wild
Begins to wanton in my unhing'd brain.
Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild March hare;
My muddy brain is addled like an egg;
My teeth, like magpies, chatter in my head;
My reeling head! which aches like any mad.

Omnes. Oh!

Leath. Was ever such a dismal scene of woe?

SCENE the last.

To them Lovegirlo, Stormandra, and a Fidler.

Love. Where's my Kiffinda?—bear me to her
arms,

Ye winged winds—and let me perish there.

Kif. Lovegirlo lives!—Oh! let my eager arms
Press him to death upon my panting breast.

Capt. Oh! all ye powers of gin! Stormandra
lives.

Storm. Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor rep,
Shall now forbid this tender chaste embrace.
Henceforth I'm thine as long as e'er thou wilt.

Gal. Lovegirlo!

Love. Oh, joy unknown! Gallono!

Moth. Come all at once to my capacious arms;
I know not where I shoud' th' embrace begin.
My children! oh! with what tumultuous joy
Do I behold your almost virtuous loves.
But say, Lovegirlo, when we thought you dead,
Say, by what lucky chance we see you here?

Love. In a few words I'll satisfy your doubt;
I through the coat was, not the body, run.

Capt. But say, Stormandra, did I not behold
Thee hanging to the curtains of thy bed?

Storm. No, my dear love, it was my gown, not me:

I did intend to hang myself; but ere
The knot was ty'd, repented my design.

KY. Henceforth, Stormandra, never rivals more;
By Silkum you, I by Lovegirl kept.

Love. Foreseeing all this sudden turn of joys
I've brought a fidler to play forth the same.

Metb. I too will shake a foot on this blest day.

Love. From such examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know I know not what.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



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